

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 6. 1st August, 1941.



There's a Reason for it!

The demand for up-to-date well-printed Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

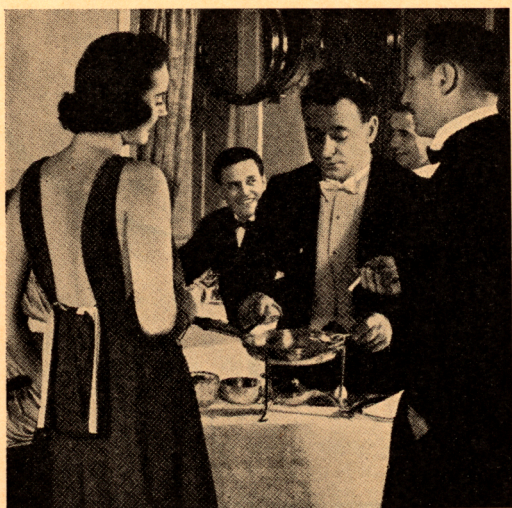
**A Good Article must have
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

Ross Brothers Pty. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1862.

Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers
545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)



THE CORRECT WINE — WHEN YOU DINE

Some of the world's finest grapes are grown in the warm, fertile valleys of Australia, where carefully tended vines annually yield their crops for

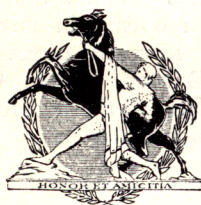
Australia's Finest Light Wine

CHATEAU BELMONT SAUTERNES

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 6



1st August, 1941

Chairman:
W. W. HILL

•
Treasurer:
S. E. CHATTERTON

•
Committee:
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
DAVID A. CRAIG
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD

•
Secretary:
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 13th September, 1941.
Principal Event: The Chelmsford Stakes.

The Club Man's Diary

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS: 6th, Mr. J. Logan; 8th, Mr. G. Keighery; 9th, Mr. F. Lubrano; 13th, Mr. E. O. Walcot; 14th, Mr. E. K. White; 18th, Professor J. D. Stewart; 28th, Mr. R. A. Berry; 30th, Mr. E. H. Bowman; 31st, Mr. E. L. Sodersteen.

* * *

Entries will close on September 1 for Tattersall's Club's September meeting at Randwick. Principal race will be the Chelmsford Stakes. Nett proceeds will be distributed among patriotic funds, hospitals and charitable institutions.

* * *

Principal event at the Red Cross race meeting at Randwick on September 27 will be named City Tattersall's Stakes. This is as a compliment to City Tattersall's Club, which made the meeting possible by surrendering its Spring fixture, set down for October 19.

A £3,250 programme has been arranged, and of that amount Tattersall's Club has promised £500.

* * *

Lieut. Colonel (Dr.) Derby Loudon, A.I.F., abroad, writes to acknowledge a parcel sent by the Committee of the club and to say that he received on the same day 83 letters and three parcels. "Some of the letters were more than a year old, but acceptable for all that," he added.

He says that Dr. Yorke Pittar and he are in adjoining rooms. He has met the daughter of the Chairman, Miss Nell Hill, and she is well and happy. A message to Mr. David Craig is that his son, Jack, is happily married. Jack has been recommended for the D.C.M.

Lieut. Colonel Loudon concludes: "There must be numerous members of Tattersall's club over here. Please send me a list of their names, and perhaps we could stage a race meeting."

* * *

Greetings to club members Cyril S. Brice, F. F. Copland, Len Green, W. C. Alldritt, L. M. Browne, and Randal Berry.

Some are on the sick list, and others are convalescing. Our wishes

are for complete recovery and a reunion with us the more fortunate on the sunny side. However they may feel at the moment, we don't want them to feel that they're forgotten. That goes for us all.

* * *

The Bondi Icebergs are not the only pebbles on the beach—which may be an outsize in mixed metaphors, but serves to direct attention to Bert Bowser, Adrian Connolly, Lal Bowden, all-the-year-round surfers at Newcastle.

Invitation!

Members are cordially invited to be the guests of the Committee at a Cocktail Party on Monday, 11th August, 1941, at 5.30 p.m., when the reconstructed second floor will be officially opened.

Not only is the beach at Coalopolis one of Australia's finest from a pleasure-seeker's standpoint; it is the Mecca of naturalists, and scientific beachcombers from all parts of the world. There they go to forage, and to study specimens not possessed in such variety by any other Australian beach.

The three sportsmen aforesaid do not bother much about that. And they do not believe in mermaids. Their tribute to Newcastle beach is that its particular brand of surf has the properties of a tonic.

Adrian Connolly—"Con" to his pals—is well known throughout northern N.S.W. As he is a new member of this club, it might be as well to mention that his reputation as a Rummy player stands high.

* * *

I always kept off the hops while living for a time in Newcastle, because my way home was by way of Cannon Street toward the Alpine hinterland.

To the public at large Les Haigh is known best as "the man who trained Rogilla"; and that is a reputation that lives to a fellow's credit. Closer glimpses in club show him to be a skilful cueist and a first-rate card player, playing the game in each department in the spirit of the game as it is best understood. Several years ago he won the billiards tournament, and he is at the moment working up to form.

In other days Les Haigh as an amateur rider won many races in the Singleton, Quirindi, Boggabri and Muswellbrook districts. He is a horse-lover, apart from his commercial association with racing, which is always to the good.

* * *

Les Haigh's pal and patron is Jim Clayton, who shares his love for a game of cards. At one time, following on the death of John Grisdale, Jim was secretary and treasurer of Newcastle Jockey Club. Overbold is one of the horses running in the Clayton colours and trained by Les Haigh.

* * *

When Joe Hartland calls the roll for his rummy school among those who regularly answer are: Alf Day, Son Smith, Harry Gribben, Bill Forster, Frank Gahan, Claude Manning, Keith Fidden, Claude Parker, Claude Scougall, Frank Woodgate, C. K. McDonald, Alf Grounds, Henry Brasch and E. O. Crowhurst.

Other hobbies of Claude Parker include horse-riding, tennis, billiards and snooker—a regular all-rounder who gets a good deal of fun out of games.

Claude Scougall enjoys an occasional trip to Newcastle.

* * *

I have come to look for inner illumination in men of reticence and reserve, although occasionally they may be regarded as being uninformed—even unenlightened—because they elect to converse rather than contend. The opinions they have are presented, rather than catapulted. They are content to listen to a great deal of the little you know without retaliating with a little of the great deal

they know. It isn't that they cannot be bothered; simply it is that they cannot be bored.

George Hyam of my latest introductions typified best the intellectual taking cover in reserve.

Our brave new world—what is it but the talkers, who don't think, claiming the floor from the thinkers, who don't talk.

George and I sat in a corner of the club room and swapped ideas on authors, poets, musicians, artists, and drew upon our fund of reading. He told me how pleasant it was occasionally to turn from the workaday world to the one where there was less material profit but more spiritual enrichment. The place where the thinkers dwelt.

George Hyam is a musician—pianist and composer. Among his compositions is "Britain's First of All," a stirring march that had great vogue in World War I. Also he has written much verse and many short stories. "The White Lotus" won for him first prize in a Commonwealth-wide contest conducted in other years by a national magazine.

I haven't mentioned his skill as a cueist. Is there any need?

Withal, George Hyam is a versatile fellow, who finds in the club respite and refreshment in the people he meets and in the games he plays.

* * *

Although Mr. A. B. Nagel had been born in Queensland and had his pastoral interests in that State, as a turf figure few were better known throughout the Commonwealth. His death, last month, was widely regretted.

Mr. A. L. Fish had passed the eighty mark when he died last month. He had lived a full life and made many friends. Mr. Max Ber- man, member of this club, was a nephew of the grand old sportsman.

* * *

From the report of a war correspondent: I first saw General Sir Archibald Wavell at the Cairo race-track. According to gossip he bet on the horses consistently and lost almost invariably.

* * *

Churchill has ranged beside the old masters of rhetoric in extolling liberty. We may look them through and be assured of that—from the glittering eloquence of Dryden, and

his simile of the crystal walls, to the cynicism of Talleyrand's likening of liberty to a woman. Each and all exalt me in the reading, many years after.

Thinking of our alignment with the U.S.A. I recall the words with which Patrick Henry started the flame which leaped into American liberty. Speaking before the second Revolutionary Convention in Virginia, March 23, 1775, he said:

Gentlemen cry peace when there is no peace. Our brethren are already in the field. Is life so dear and peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and

Carnival Night

Thursday, 28th August,
1941,

beginning at 6.30 p.m.

★

Proceeds in aid of Club
Patriotic Funds.

slavery? Forbid it, God Almighty! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death.

* * *

You will see Roy and Dave Tarrant together at the card table. They are cousins, and returned soldiers. Roy in his heyday was an all-rounder of account. Dave is still to be reckoned with as a swimmer. To catch Roy in characteristic pose at the races, seek him out after the last. Usually he will be found holding out his hand to collect—that's the story, anyhow.

* * *

Not often do you see brothers together. Frank and Charlie Shepherd are exceptions. They are also partners in an ancient craft, printing.

There are many types in printing, and (I have found) many types among printers. Probably printers would claim that the worst types associated with the great industry are journalists.

Printers always have the last word. A journalist might commence a sen-

tence with a noble word of modern mintage, such as "implementation," and quite easily the printer may proof it as "etaoin" or "shrdlu."

Perhaps there is a good deal to be forgiven on both sides.

* * *

Sometime in the world-to-be history will be more of a pictorial chronicle, just as presentation of news in the papers and magazines is becoming to-day. Pick up in the club a copy of the American journal, "Life," and you will read stories and biographies in a series of pictures where once the facts were conveyed wholly by the printed word.

One picture of a ship sinking after bombing tells you more than a descriptive column could impress. Why? Because, for one thing, the old order of leisurely reading by the masses is gone; for another, events happen too quickly for more than a fleeting glimpse.

The picture will tell sufficient for future generations in two ways: It happened, and how. The why and the when will be chronicled—but a million will be interested in the picture, whereas only one in proportion will turn to the history book.

* * *

When I saw Frank Underwood and F. L. Row conversing in the club room recently, I turned to another member and said: "Those two epitomise the history of a football era. A photograph of them, as they stand, and the chapter is written, not for all it is worth to-day, but for its place in the records of the future. People are becoming more interested in the men and the women who do things more than in the things themselves."

* * *

The Lamonds bear a name to conjure with in the racing game. Tom, father of Stan Sr., and grandfather of Stan Jr., learnt the business from that prince of old-timers, Ettie De Mestre, who trained Archer, winner of the first two Melbourne Cups. Tom was trainer for Sir Hercules Robinson, when the Knight was Governor of the colony of N.S.W. So father and son to-day are members of an old-established firm. Stan Jr. was a first-rate rider. Among the horses in his charge as a trainer are Creditor, Hasty Decision, Jazbeau and Chatoona. (Continued on Page 5.)

THE Prudential

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
(Incorporated in England)

Head Office for Australia and New Zealand :
Prudential Building, Martin Place, Sydney.
Telephone : BW 2885.

ASSETS EXCEED £354,000,000
CLAIMS PAID EXCEED £605,000,000

**The Largest Insurance Company in the
British Empire.**

LIFE - FIRE - ACCIDENT - MARINE INSURANCE.

General Manager for Australia and N.Z., G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I.
Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z., F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I.
Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z., R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I.
Actuary for Australia and N.Z. L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A.
New South Wales A. F. GLEED, Manager

A WISE INVESTMENT OF TRUST FUNDS

THE investment of Trust Funds calls for wisdom born of long experience in a wide field. Be well advised! Building up your Estate has been slow work; ensure that after you are gone it will be wisely administered, and any necessary re-investment soundly made. This can be effected by appointing Perpetual Trustee Company Limited Executor of your Will. Your inquiry is invited. A personal interview would be better, but write if you prefer.

Perpetual Trustee Company Limited

DIRECTORS:

T. H. Kelly (Chairman), Brig. the Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C.,
E. R. Knox, H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis,
J. P. Abbott, M.H.R.

H. V. Douglass, Managing Director. P. Cureton, Manager.
Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for
Absentees and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed
£58,000,000.

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.



Well, if that's how you feel!

Worry, worry, worry—Overseas News, bills, rates, taxes, the weather—even if it's the whole accumulation of these troubles, a Clayton's Kola Tonic will banish them. It's a grand stimulant is Clayton's, and thoroughly enjoyable. Try Clayton's Kola Tonic as a long drink with minerals—as a liquor or as a cocktail base. You'll never name a better beverage.

CLAYTON'S ★ KOLA TONIC

Product of Clayton Bros., LONDON.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Many years have sped since the great times of the Botany and Carlington running grounds, but Jack Logan still bears in his spare frame and springy gait the impress of his early prowess. To-day he is a regular dominoes player, likes an occasional tilt at the machine, and otherwise finds contentment in a cigar.

* * *

All the grim encounters are not confined to the dominoes tables. There are the snooker games among George Webster, Ralph Doyle, Doug. Lotherington and Guy Crick.

* * *

Personal audit by The Club Man of Conrad Horley, one of the club's auditors: A credit balance with reserves of energy, enthusiasm and good fellowship.

* * *

Charlie Young plays dominoes, but his grand devotion is to billiards and snooker. In 1934 he won the double in the club tournaments—an outstanding accomplishment. The years are moving a little into dimness since he first took up cue in the Motherland, but Charlie retains his enthusiasm and a good deal of his whilom brilliance.

* * *

Good sportsman, firm friend, kindly fellow—such was Mr. A. T. H. (Harry) Pittar, whose unexpected death in July caused great and genuine grief among his fellow club members and throughout the city generally. Mr. Pittar has been for many years—after arriving from N.Z.—a leading member of the dental profession. Hampton Court, built in 1913, represented his foresight of the progress of King's Cross.

Professional man and business man, we of the club knew him more in the social sphere. He had charity of heart in his estimate of others. He had also that charity of free giving when the cause was deserving. These personal attributes were remembered of him at his passing.

A widow, four sons and three daughters survive. The sons are Dr. Ronald Pittar, Capt. Yorke Pittar, A.A.M.C. (A.I.F. abroad), Mr.

Harry Pittar and Mr. James Pittar. To these we extend our sympathy.

* * *

Among those who gathered round the card table regularly with the late Harry Pittar was Roy Bowerman, and his brief tribute expressed the feelings of all. Roy is always among the good spenders when this club sends out an appeal on patriotic days, and he gives generously also when the appeal is private and the need urgent.

* * *

You see the name of J. L. Glick being given frequent prominence in

Thirteenth Annual Ball

Saturday,
27th September, 1941.

Single Tickets, 10/6.

Proceeds in aid of Club
Patriotic Funds.

the daily press—he would probably laugh to tell you “at so much per inch.” In the club, however, we meet him not so much as big business man but as social fellow, and good mixer, who forgets his preoccupations of the outside world in a game of Bridge.

* * *

Asked by a sporting reader whether a greyhound was faster than a racehorse, “Smith's Weekly” answered: “No, except under 200 yds. to 300 yds.”, and added: “Many have claimed that a greyhound would beat a racehorse over 400 yards, but there have been no actual tests of speed in this direction in Australia. In England, some years ago, a greyhound, Guideless Joe, covered 400 yards in 22 seconds, equal to 37.19 miles an hour, then claimed as a world's record. It has since been beaten.

“A smart racehorse runs five furlongs in one minute, equalling 37.5 m.p.h., but horses have been timed in England and Australia to race over a shorter distance at an average speed

of 41.208 m.p.h., some faster than that. The greyhound would hold an initial advantage, but, after travelling a couple of hundred yards, the horse would gradually make up the leeway and beat the greyhound's time over a measured distance.

“When Harold Park (Sydney) had a 440 yards cinder track for greyhounds, 23 6-10th seconds was the record, while Wyong is the only club in N.S.W. now racing over 400 yards, a straight course. Its record is 20 3-10ths. In Melbourne, the record for 400 yards is 20 1-16th by Silver Chief, at Napier Park, while the present English record is 21.95 secs.”

* * *

A LITTLE LAUGHTER

TRANSLATED FROM the French of “Voila,” Paris:

Fate in the person of her boss favoured the little stenographer. In a few months she acquired glory, a fortune, a mansion in the residential district of the capital, a villa at the seaside, and jewels.

One morning a girl friend called and found her in her boudoir, all alone and in Eve's garb, studying herself in the mirror.

“What are you doing there?” the girl friend asked.

The other answered: “I am trying to find out why it is that I have got all that I possess for something that other girls, much more beautiful than I, get only fifty francs for.”

* * *

Somewhere in England an army detachment took over an evacuated girls' school and read approvingly the notice in each dormitory:

“If in urgent need of a mistress, ring this bell.”

* * *

When American motorists were warned recently that petrol supplies might not be available on Sundays, a writer of news and views protested:

“Sunday, after all, is our day to get killed, our day to get out on the roads and make work for the repair men, our day to keep the hospital emergency rooms humming and help pay the surgeon's mortgage. We do

(Continued on Page 7.)

MEMBERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE ABROAD

ARMSTRONG, G.	Pilot Officer, R.A.F.
BELISARIO, J. C.	Lt.-Col., NX35034, 2/3 C.C. Station.
BULLOCK, H.	Lt.-Col., 9th A.G.H.
BURROWS, D. S. I.	Lt., NX9159, 2/2 Batt.
CHILTON, F. O.	Lt.-Col., D.S.O., MX231, 2/2 Batt.
CRAIG, J. A.	Cpl., NX65169, 2/3 C.C. Station.
CUNNINGHAM, A. W.	Pte., SX11314, 2/27 Reinforcements.
EATON, C. D.	Cpl., NX32667, 7th Div. Sub. Park.
EDWARDS, W. S.	Pilot Officer, R.A.A.F.
FLITCROFT, P.	Pte., NX55730, 6th Div. A. Sect. Amm. Sub. Park.
FORSAYTH, H. H.	Pte., NX22853, Sigs., 1st Aust. Corps.
FOSTER, W.	Dr., 7th Div. Amm. Sub. Park.
GRIFFIN, P. W.	Pte., 1st Aust. Corps Troops. Amm. Co.
GRIFFIN, R. S.	Lt., NX34712, 2/18 Batt, 22nd Bgde.
GEE, G. L.	Major, A.I.F. Canteen Fund.
HARPER, J. C.	Lt., NX12467, 1 A/A. Bgde. Co., A.A.S.C.
INGRAM, W. WILSON	Lt.-Col., M.C., 119 A.G.H.
JANES, A. F.	Capt., NX238, R.M.O., 6th Aust. Div. Cavalry Regt.
LOCKE, C. H.	Capt., NX482, A.S.C. Supply Column, 9th Div.
LOEWENTHAL, L. S.	Capt., NX70154, 2/5 A.G.H.
LOUDON, D. B.	Lt.-Col., NX352, A.A.M.C., 8th A.S.H.
LONGWORTH, N. S.	L/C., NX28439, A. Sect., 1st Amm. Corps Troops.
MAHER, J. B.	Sgt., Aus.402517, R.A.A.F.
MARSDEN, E. A.	Major, NX70674, 10th A.G.H.
MAYNARD, T. F.	Paymaster-Commander, R.A.N.
MANNING, E. R.	Group-Capt., R.A.F.
McGOVERN, V. J.	Capt., 119, A.G.H.
O'RIORDAN, C.	L/AC., R.A.A.F.
PAGE, B. J. D.	Pilot Officer, R.A.A.F.
PAULSEN, J. M.	Pilot Officer, R.A.F.V.R.
PITTAR, YORKE	Capt., NX359, 8th A.G.H.
PATRICK, J. A. R.	Lt.-Commander, R.A.N.
RICH, G. S. B.	Lt., NX6801, 18th Bgde., H.Q.
SAWTELL, G. W.	Pte., NX51662, 20th Bgde.
SHOLL, E. K.	Sub-Lt., R.A.N.
TEBBUTT, W. A.	Capt., NX70344, 8th Div. H.Q.
VAUGHAN, K. J.	Sub-Lt., R.A.N.
WHEELER, R. C.	Sgt., 2/1st Hospital Ship.

THE ABOVE LIST IS NOT COMPLETE.

Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

a nice bit of this on week days, too, but the big day is Sunday.

"Change this overnight and what becomes of that major industry, the tow car? You can see tow cars all over the peaceful rural landscape, hoisting the crumpled Sedans out of the ditch, dragging the battered debris of somebody's convertible to a junkyard, or toiling along like an ant with the remains of somebody's new coupe wobbling along behind. The tow car is as familiar a sight as the ambulance and those cheery signs telling where to telephone for an undertaker.

"Then there is another consideration. Possibly the effect on the bandage, chloroform and iodoform industry won't be as severe as it appears. Forced to leave the old family death car in the garage on a Sunday, possibly motorists will turn to other but equally felonious pursuits. Possibly the drivers who can no longer express themselves by hurtling into a freight truck will, when forced to stay at home, find other outlets. Possibly we can look for a compensating rise in wife-killing, razor fighting, manslaughter and axe-murders."

* * *

Poverty is the best policy. If you get wealth, you will have to support other people. If you do not get wealth, other people will have to support you.

The best tribute that may be paid to Joe Cook is that everybody liked him and trusted him. He had the reputation of living up to his word. In a long career he never let anybody down. He had inherited from his father a master-touch with horses, and turned out some grand performers. We tender our sympathy on his passing to Mrs. Cook and to members of the family.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Hutchinson ("Digger" to his pals), hon. secretary of the Returned Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen's Imperial League of Australia Club, expresses his grateful thanks to the Committee of Tattersall's Club for a gift of a Copeland refrigerating unit, tables and chairs to aid in the furnishing of the club house established by the League in the interests of returned men.

* * *

An English girl lost every round with the censor when she wrote a chatty letter to an Edmonton man. The letter had the address and date at the top, and then: "Dear Joe."

Every line following was blacked out. Underneath were the words: "Sincerely, Margaret."

In the margin some censor, with a sense of humour, had scrawled: "Margaret talks too much."

* * *

This is how my informant put it: "I don't know why all my friends are surprised that I got married. It's the same old story. We started out by being good friends and later changed our minds."

Met Randal Berry in Martin Place one day recently when a sleety wind was blowing. He was well rugged-up, as he needed to be. Not long previously he had been bowled over by pneumonia-plus-pleurisy. The doctors pumped into him a double-header of drug designed to put him off, just as if he had been hit on the head with a sledgehammer.

When they looked in, next morning, Randal was taking notice, if not actually sitting up. This'll fix him they announced, injecting an extra shot of sleep-producer more potent than the previous wallop. But Randal simply stayed awake and grinned.

It's the patient continuing the story: one of the doctors thereupon inquired whether there was a sledgehammer in the house. He was desperate—but not more so (at that stage) than Randal. Someone in the house answered that there should be a sledge hammer somewhere about, but Mr. Berry would have been sure to have mislaid it. Finally he fell asleep, as they say in the story books, like a tired traveller at the end of the day. "It might have been worse as I remember it on Gallipoli," Mr. Berry said, telling me of his experience, "but I doubt it. However, I have been removed from the dangerously ill list, and am now a walking case." Then he sauntered on, full of sparkle.

TAILORS HATTERS SHIRTMAKERS

Exclusive English Suit Lengths

SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET Phone MA3851

(near King Street)

● Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.

This is **YOUR** business!

*to assist all sick and wounded
Australian Soldiers, Sailors and
Airmen wherever they are on service*

All proceeds from the

RED CROSS RACE MEETING

at Randwick on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27th

1941

will be devoted to the vital and humani-
tarian work of the Australian Red Cross Society.

We earnestly request that every sportsman will respond as generously as possible to make the Red Cross Race Meeting an even greater financial success than last year.

GEORGE MAIN, Chairman.
W. W. HILL (Committee).
G. T. ROUTLEY } Joint Hon. Secretaries.
GEORGE T. ROWE }

The Hon. Secretary,
Red Cross Race Meeting Fund,
6 Bligh Street, SYDNEY.

I enclose herewith..... for £ : :
as a contribution to the Fund.

Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address.....

Major Denning's Trust Estate

Condensed From "The Silver Horn"

I first saw Major Denning in the village barber shop. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man with white hair and a small white goatee. He was dressed in black and wore a large soft hat. "If I could interrupt you, Suh," he said to Antonio, the barber, in a soft Kentucky drawl, "might I leave my razors to be attended to, and Mr. Spinnello, Suh, will you do me the kindness of giving 'Tuesday' your best attention? It has never given me the same service at its associates. When may I call for them, Suh?"

"In the morning. I have them fixed up good," said Antonio, and the old gentleman departed.

I looked at Antonio in the glass. His face wore a reverent expression as he gazed at a set of seven small English razors in a pigskin case. "Antonio," I said, "who is that old gentleman?"

"By gol, you haff been away, you don't know. He ees Major Denning. A fine gentleman. He leef at Mrs. Martan's. One half of the ground floor all fixed up new for heem. Living room, bedroom, bathroom, all new. Where he come from, who he ees, by gol I don't know."

A day or two later I was in Mr. Maloney's general store getting six bags of cattle salt. Major Denning came in followed by a small barefoot coloured boy carrying a basket. "Mr. Maloney, Suh," he said, "will you favour me with two of your best oranges, and a quarter of a pound of that excellent cheese. How much, Suh, will discharge my indebtedness? Ephraim, pay Mr. Maloney and put my provisions in the basket." "My friend, Doctor McTavish," Major Denning went on, "tells me that Mrs. Maloney is indisposed. I pray, Suh, that it is not of a serious nature, and that you will commend me to your lady." And the old gentleman walked out, followed by Ephraim.

Mr. Maloney turned to me. "I declare to goodness, Mr. Pendleton, if it ain't a pleasure to have that old gentleman come inside of this store. He comes in most every morning, and spends mebbe 15 cents, but I

cal'ate I'd ruther see him walk in here than some what spends \$2.

On the following Saturday I went to the valley fair, and climbed up to the top row of the grandstand to watch the trotting races. It was a scorching day. I saw Major Denning climbing to the second row from the top, followed by his coloured boy, who opened a colossal black cotton umbrella and sat down behind him. I went over, introduced myself, and sat down beside the Major. Our conversation naturally drifted towards horses, and no one I had met had such a fund of information respecting blood lines. "Mr. Pendleton, Suh," he said to me, "a competition between two hound puppies contending with vigor for the same bone quickens my pulse."

Nothing would satisfy the Major short of my sitting under the umbrella with him. As the sun dipped behind us Ephraim tilted the umbrella backwards, which obliterated the entire track from his vision, and at the finish of each heat the Major would report to him which horse had won, upon which Ephraim would say, "Yes, Sah, Mr. Major, yas, Sah."

When the Major learned that I knew Colonel Weatherford he exclaimed, "I rank him, Suh, as the very first gentleman among my acquaintances. I come from that part of Kentucky where every gentleman is a horseman, and Kentucky would be proud to boast of Colonel Weatherford as one of her sons. He does me the honor of serving as one of the trustees of my trust estate—the Dulaney Denning Trust Estate. The other trustee is my friend Mr. James H. Parkins of the Drovers Loan and Trust Company in New York—a very fine Northern gentleman, and his bank is one of the soundest in the country, so I have no apprehension concerning my trust estate." This was my introduction to the Dulaney Denning Trust Estate. When the races were over we parted, but with a promise on my part to call on him the next afternoon to partake of a mint julep.

Never have I seen the ceremony of concocting and serving mint juleps solemnized with greater nicety than Major Dulaney Denning put into it. When all had been done to the Major's liking he sat down, Ephraim placed the juleps on a beautiful old silver tray and passed them with all the ceremony of an ancient body servant. This accomplished, he offered thin slices from Mr. Maloney's "most excellent cheese."

The Major stayed with us five years, and made a lifelong impress on all who came in contact with him. There are those who will tell you that he improved the hearts and manners of the whole village, and perhaps he did. We knew little about him, but that he came from a family long famous in Kentucky as breeders of thoroughbreds, and was accredited one of the best versed men in that state in the breeding, raising, training and racing of horses. We gathered that he had been a confirmed gambler and completely dissipated a fine old property. He eschewed all social contact with everyone except Colonel Weatherford, and I ascribed this to the fact that he could not repay hospitality in kind. There was, however, never a sporting event within a radius of 25 miles that he did not find ways of attending.

One of the mysteries surrounding this delightful character was his famous Trust Estate. He received his funds once a month from his banker friend, Mr. Parkins—a minimum amount to supply a person with oranges, cheese and tobacco. The money due Mrs. Martin for his apartment went direct to her. On or about May and October 1st it was understood that the Major would require a new suit. He once showed me a letter from his trustees arranging this and sending \$25 "for a special purpose." "I would not wish you to think, Suh," he said, "that there was anything peculiar about this special purpose. My trustees simply recognise that all gentlemen must maintain their

(Continued on Page 11.)

TATTERSALL'S

Hotel and Marble Bar: Pitt St., Sydney

GEO. ADAMS

(TRUSTEES — PROPRIETORS)

PROPRIETORS ALSO OF HIGHFIELD HOTEL

HOBART

THE SAME OLD ADDRESS IN HOBART

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

•

SCHEDULE OF CHARGES

Minimum Charge	1/6
Duo-Therapy (6 minutes)	1/6 extra
Massage	3/6 extra
Massage and Duo-Therapy	5/- extra
Electric Sweat Box	1/6 extra

FOR BETTER HEALTH HELIDON SPA

- A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity . . . improves digestion . . . helps to purify the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily, Helidon Spa makes up for some of the deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

HELIDON SPA
FOR BETTER HEALTH

MAJOR DENNING'S TRUST ESTATE

(Continued from Page 9.)

interest in the racing of horses, and so I receive this special distribution which I may venture upon horses of my choice." As I climbed into my car I could not but think that the Dulaney Denning Trust Estate was a very unusual institution.

Something over four years rolled by when of a sudden strange events began to take place. I was standing talking to Colonel Weatherford one day when I looked up and there, driving up the street paying not the slightest regard to our one traffic light was the Major, in a shiny new car. "Well, I'll be damned," said the Colonel. Then he suggested we lunch at his house, and while at the table the Colonel received a telephone message. "That was Jim Parkins' secretary, to ask if I had noticed in the report of the sale at Belmont Park yesterday that Major Denning had bought a three-year-old colt named Eternal Hope for \$350. Pendleton, when a thing is born in the blood, it is certainly there for all time."

I went to Jim Andrews, a fine trainer, and asked him about Eternal Hope. "Leave him alone, Mr. Pendleton, he's done as a race horse. He was bred in Kentucky, and one of the best-looking yearlings I ever saw at Saratoga. But he was one of those burnt-out yearlings, and the people who bought him wanted to get him to the track as fast as they could. He has been going to pieces ever since. The colt ain't felt good since he started to train, and he hates racing and won't try. If you touch him with a bat he's like as not to back up with you. But he's a sweet-moving horse. Some old codger bought him at the sale and I let him have a halter shank and he thanked me as though I had given him a service to Man o' War."

I was away that summer, and saw nothing of the Major. Then in September I had occasion to go into our back country. About half a mile from the town I was surprised to see something moving on the weed-covered race track down in the valley. I drove down the lane, and as I reached the track, horse and rider walked past me. There, to my amazement, was Ephraim Jackson

sitting on a very fit-looking thoroughbred colt. I went over and spoke to the Major, and if he regretted my intrusion he certainly gave no sign of it. I thoroughly enjoyed watching the old man work his colt, cool him out, and put him away at Silas Hemphill's farm.

Every morning for three months the old gentleman had been up at crack of dawn and humped 18 miles over bad road to devote the knowledge of his 77 years to the rejuvenation of his colt. Starting with a sour, poisoned, unhappy young horse he had produced one with a sheen to his coat, a keen sparkle in his eye and an urge to run. His account was a monograph of the care of the thoroughbred horse, and the description of his trials in teaching Ephraim to ride touched every chord from pathos to hilarity. When he had finished, the Major said, "Mr. Pendleton, Suh, it has been a very great pleasure to have you see my colt work, but might I presume upon you, Suh, to make no mention of the affair? My horse is not quite ready."

Some two weeks later I was attending a meeting at the Hunt Club. Colonel Weatherford handed me a letter to read.

James H. Parkins and John Weatherford, Esquires.
Trustees of the Dulaney Denning Trust Estate,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

I write you about a matter of the very highest importance. Two weeks from to-day I am starting my colt, Eternal Hope, in the famous and historic Great American Stakes of a guaranteed value of \$40,000. The fact that no member of my family has ever won this important event has been a great incentive to me during moments of discouragement, and the fine attitude which my colt has maintained towards the meagre facilities at my command gives assurance of his generosity and heart.

I was somewhat surprised in examining my affairs this afternoon to discover that my bank balance is

\$8.09. In response to the cashier's inquiry as to whether there might be further checks outstanding, a matter on which he seemed to place some import, I was obliged to explain that of course a person could not be sure of such things. I have made a most careful calculation of my needs in connection with the starting of my colt, and will ask you to sell sufficient of the securities in my trust estate to permit to your remitting me \$1,000.

I am aware that this will deplete the estate, but I shall shortly restore the amount. This is a small matter, gentlemen, when compared with having the name of Denning enrolled among the names of other famous racing families who have won this historic stake.

Of the sum I have asked for I have included \$500 which I purpose wagering on my colt. For my own honor, and as a tribute to the fine spirit and generosity of my horse, I can hazard no less an amount. As time presses, I shall hope to hear from you by return of post. I remain, gentlemen,

Yours to command,

Dulaney Denning.

I went to dinner with the Colonel, and over our coffee he reread the letter. "Why, Pendleton, there hasn't been a year in the last quarter of a century when that Stake will be so hard to win as this year. Is this the colt Denning bought last spring? And he wants \$1,000, \$500 of it to wager that he will beat Whisk Boy and Ultimatum, the two best colts in the United States! Did you ever hear of such a business?"

I recounted my chance visit to the Woolville track. The Colonel went on smoking and thinking. Then he asked me to accompany him to Woolville the next morning. But I had to leave on business.

Before I left Colonel Weatherford I asked him point blank whether the trustees would let the Major have the money. "Pendleton," he answered reluctantly, "there is no trust estate. There are no securities. I am the trust estate. Dulaney Denning and I have been friends for nearly 50 years. When Jim Parkins and I went to the Kentucky Derby a few years ago and

(Continued on Page 12.)

MAJOR DENNING'S TRUST ESTATE

(Continued from Page 11.)

found the old man destitute, we invented this estate, told Denning that 1000 shares of bad oil stock were good, and arranged for his fixed income. Jim sends him the money from my account, I brought him here to keep an eye on him. Last spring he hit the races right four or five times out of his few dollars spending money, pyramided, and ended up with \$2800, with which he bought the colt and his car, and the Great American Stakes is the result."

My business in New York dragged interminably. I reached home Thursday and the great race was Saturday. When I tried to reach Colonel Weatherford I was told he and the Major had left for Long Island. I also discovered that the Colonel's horse van had taken Major Denning's colt to the track.

Then I had a long telegram from the Colonel.

"Meet me Steward's Room at track 12 Saturday stop Please go Silas Hemphill's and get gray cat that slept in stall with Denning's colt stop Secure it safely and send cat by Eddie Walsh in car to track immediately regardless of the hour deliver to Major in person."

I attended to these matters and on Saturday started early for Long Island, where I met the Colonel at 12. "Pendleton," he said, "I have done everything I can think of to dissuade the old man from starting his horse. All Denning will say is that Eternal Hope has always done what he has asked him to do, with high courage. What can you tell about courage by working a colt around a bumpy, weed-covered track with a boy up who can't decently jog a horse, let alone breeze him? I'd have done anything to preserve my old friend from disappointment, but the die had been cast. In fact I felt so badly when I saw him all alone at that dreary Woolville track watching his colt that I asked Jim to send him an extra \$500. He had \$1000 on his colt, at astounding odds."

I am not apt to forget that afternoon's racing. I took my place early at the paddock rail. Whisk Boy

was the first to arrive—a large, impressive colt of great scope. Then Ultimatum was led in—a smaller, tight-knit horse that had run everything he had met completely off its feet up to a mile-and-a-quarter. Then came Eternal Hope, the Major and Jim Andrews. Jim put on the saddle while the old man held the colt on which he had concentrated all his love.

The bugle sounded and the jockeys were put up. The parade and journey to the post were soon over. I squared my shoulders and wished I had not been caught at the rail between the Major and Colonel Weatherford. Finally they were off to a perfect start.

Ultimatum, with the sizzling speed for which he was famous, jumped into the lead and opened up daylight between himself and Whisk Boy while Eternal Hope trailed three lengths behind. They ran thus to the half-mile post, and I saw the Colonel look at his stop watch and heard him utter a soft grunt. Then Whisk Boy closed the gap and held on for an eight and dropped back. The pace was terrific; at the mile the Colonel again looked at his watch and muttered, "God bless me." As they were passing the mile post Whisk Boy made the second of his three famous challenges, again closed the gap, and again was shaken off. Eternal Hope was trailing five lengths in the rear, but running smoothly and the boy was sitting like a statue.

They were just approaching the mile and a quarter when Whisk Boy came on again and this time could not be shaken off; I heard the Major say, "The gamest horse, Suh, I ever saw run." The horses were rounding the turn and coming into the stretch with Whisk Boy's head a shade in front. Fifty thousand people were shouting. Then of a sudden the shouting subsided. The chestnut colt was closing up the gap and the three horses were thundering down the track to the finish. The boys on the two leaders went to their bats. Then I saw Ultimatum commence to drop back and the chestnut colt caught him and passed him. The unbeaten Whisk Boy was still running magnificently, with that tremendous

stride, yet the chestnut colt had reached his girths and was holding on.

It seemed certain that the race must end that way when of a sudden the Major's boy lifted his bat, gave it a quick flourish but did not touch the colt. These horses had run that course faster than it had ever been run before, but in spite of that the chestnut colt made a flashlike response. I have seen men strain to win foot races, or row in a shell, or break away with the football, and give their last ounce, but if ever I saw a horse giving his last ounce, it was when I watched Dulaney Denning's Eternal Hope try to catch and beat Whisk Boy. He struggled inch by inch, then stopped a second at Whisk Boy's throat latch. They were even, for a stride their heads were together. Then it was over. Eternal Hope had won the 49th renewal of the Great American Stakes.

When I turned to the Major he had removed his hat—I remember removing mine and I saw the Colonel do the same. The Major made an effort to say something, but only made me a deep bow and then shook hands with the Colonel. We helped him down to the track, to lead in his winning horse. He looked frail and drawn surrounded by a sea of eager faces. When the President of the Association handed the Major the gold vase that always goes with the stake, Major Denning said, "Mr. President, Suh, this trophy will remain in the archives of the Dennings as one of their most cherished possessions. It was my highest ambition to have our name enrolled among the other illustrious racing families who have won this great stake. I thank you, Suh."

As soon as we could we carried the Major off to a quiet table and sat down. We said nothing for a minute or two, then the Major turned to me and said, "Would you render me a service, Suh? Would you dispatch a message to my good landlady, Mrs. Martin, and say to her I have been successful in the affair I had in hand and am coming home. And one more thing, Mr. Pendleton, if you would be so kind, would you dispatch a message to Mr. Parkins and say that my trust estate has been restored. Thank you, Suh."

BILLIARDS

Details of First World's Championship

August bids fair to provide a highlight for the club. Our new billiards room will be open to members, and here's hoping for a good christening with busy tables day and night. Members will find everything to their liking, with equipment of very latest type. Those popular lunch-hour tilts should become more enjoyable than ever, and it may not be too late to stage the annual tournament; it all depends on the date of completion.

Last month I promised to give particulars of the first match played for what was termed the world's championship. Venue was St. James' Hall, Piccadilly (Eng.) and contestants were John Roberts, senr., and William Cook. Date: February 12, 1870.

Distance was 1,200 up, played in one stage, with a break for refreshment half way through. Game started at 8.30 p.m., and ended a few minutes before 2 a.m. next morning. Stakes were £100 a side, and winner secured a handsome Cup presented by the leading table manufacturers of the day, Burroughs & Watts, Cox & Yeoman, and Thurstons.

The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII.) lent tone to proceedings, and 1,500 spectators paid admission money. The account before the writer at the moment says: "The hall was packed from floor to ceiling, and besides the Prince of Wales, many noblemen and gentlemen of distinction were present."

Readers should remember that conditions for play in 1870 were not on a par with present-day standards. For all that, the description makes interesting reading and

could easily be mistaken for ball-to-ball account of a heat in one of our own tournaments. They had no Walter Lindrums or Joe Davis in those days. Here is the way "The Illustrated London News" of Feb. 19, 1870, described the play:—

"Roberts commenced the game with a miss, and Cook followed his example. Roberts was the first to make a break, and quickly took his score to 25; Cook then made 10 and Roberts increased his score to 30, when Cook made up 29. Roberts then had a break; his score stood at 54 to Cook's 29; shortly after which the latter had a run, and made his score 94; Roberts had a break of 5 and Cook then scored 106 to Roberts' 65, the latter not scoring.

"... Cook reached his second hundred while Roberts was 169, and shortly afterwards Cook made a break of 22. At 187, Roberts made a five stroke and ran his score to 221, finishing that number with another five. At 229 Roberts had a small break and made 15, at the end of which Cook went from 249 to 287. Short breaks followed, Cook made a 22 and Roberts made a 20 to make his score 292 to Cook's 353. Cook next scored 14 and Roberts replied with a good break of 28. Cook added 22—and the score, Cook 392, Roberts 324. Cook then scored up to 440 and Roberts to 417.

"Roberts went in and made a break of 23, in the course of which he was loudly cheered for making a difficult cannon. . . . Scores mounted slowly until Cook was loudly cheered as he took his total to 600, Roberts being 521. Half an hour's interval was then allowed and play

resumed at 11.30 p.m. . . . After the adjournment Roberts' play seemed to be a little better, while that of Cook appeared careless.

"Cook made a splendid break of 78, for which he received many cheers. Cook reached 801 while Roberts was 608, and everyone imagined the game was a good as over, but, shortly after this, Roberts by steady play increased his score to 800 when Cook was 899. At 910 Cook made a good break of 52. At 981 Cook ran his score to 1,018, and Roberts directly afterwards increased his score from 901 to 938, and offers were made to back him. At 951 Roberts had a break of 31 and made scores 990 to Cook's 1,027. When Roberts was 1,002 Cook was only 1,041, but shortly afterwards he had a good break, from 1,069 to 1,100, at which there was great cheering. From this point to the finish Cook gradually went ahead, and his last break was 68, Roberts being 1,083.

"The winner was received with tremendous cheering, but the match hardly proved the certainty the betting, which was 2 to 1 on him, seemed to foreshadow."

So, there you are. The original champions averaged 200 points per hour, or thereabouts. We have members galore who can do better. Maybe they are all "world champions"—who knows? The description above affords excellent comparison for moderns. It shows the progress made in the game. Remember Walter Lindrum's record run on our own table recently when he scored 100 points in 38 seconds. In open play, moderns average 100 points in five to seven minutes.

RACING FIXTURES

AUGUST

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 4th
 Kensington Wednesday, 6th
 Rosehill Saturday, 9th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 13th
 Rosebery Saturday, 16th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 20th
 Moorefield Saturday, 23rd
 Ascot Wednesday, 27th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 30th

SEPTEMBER

Kensington Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 10th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 13th**
 Rosebery Wednesday, 17th
 Rosehill Saturday, 20th

SEPTEMBER—Continued.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 24th
 Red Cross Race Meeting,
 Randwick Saturday, 27th

OCTOBER

Ascot Wednesday, 1st
 A.J.C. Saturday, 4th
 A.J.C. Monday, 6th
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 8th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 18th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 22nd
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 29th

NOVEMBER

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th

NOVEMBER—Continued.

Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Kensington Wednesday, 12th
 Rosehill Saturday, 15th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 19th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 22nd
 Hawkesbury Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

DECEMBER

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Rosehill Saturday, 13th
 Ascot Wednesday, 17th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 20th
 Kensington Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. Friday, 26th
Tattersall's Club **Saturday, 27th**
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 31st

City Mutual Fire Insurance Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Householders' Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

Telephone:

MX 1447 (4 lines)

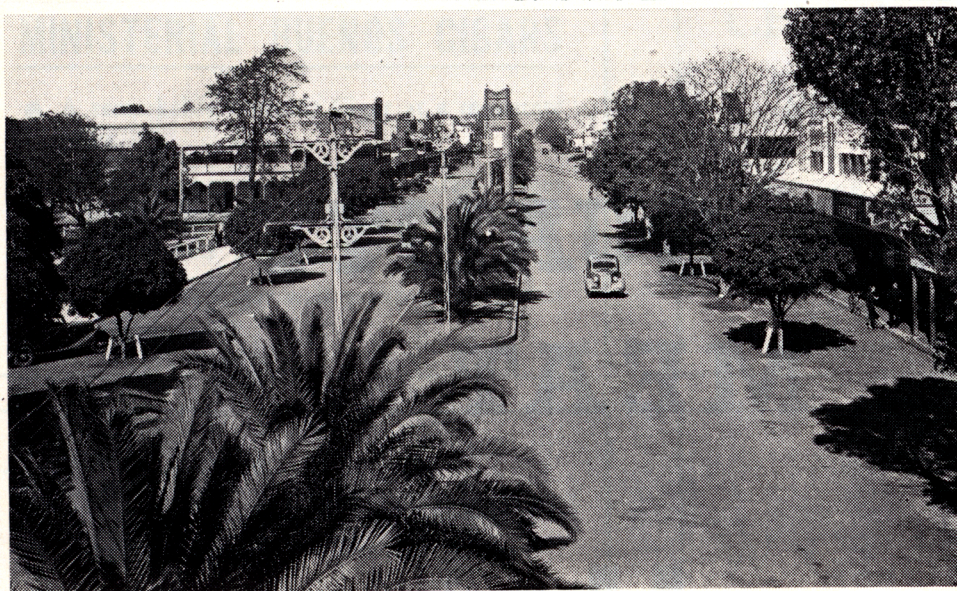
"THE HARBOUR"

NEWSPAPER and
PUBLISHING
Co. Ltd.



The Producers and Printers
of this Journal

120-124 Chalmers St., Sydney



GRAFTON—"Jacaranda Town"

About 40 miles from the mouth of the Clarence River where it is still navigable by certain ocean-going vessels, stands Grafton—the Queen City of the North. The climate of Grafton has made it famous as an ideal winter resort and with an average rainfall of 40 inches, the rich loamy soils are extremely productive.

In 1837 the banks of this lovely river were thickly clothed in magnificent cedars, and it was in this year that two cedar-getters, Phillips and Cole, made a small clearing where later the town of Grafton was to stand, and there set up a store in order to sell provisions to the timber-getters.

In 1839 Captain Perry, the Deputy Surveyor-General of New South Wales, while looking for grasslands in company with a party of graziers, steamed slowly up an unnamed river. He was so impressed with its majesty that he named it Clarence River, after the Duke of Clarence, and recommended that large sheds be erected for the shipping of wool at Phillips Station, the old water-hole where Phillips and Cole had their store. With the return of the graziers in 1840 with thousands of sheep, assigned servants and other employees, the primary industry of the town changed from cedar to wool.

The first building in Grafton itself was the "modest dwelling" built by the father of the late Thomas Bawden, M.L.A. The first to settle on the north side, he opened up grazing land back from the river and named the holding "Penberthy."

One of the most active of the early settlers was Joseph Sharp, who added a boiling-down works for the treatment of

sheep for tallow to the other activities of the settlement. In the early forties courts were established and the whole of the North Coast and a great part of Queensland were policed from here. It was the first commissioner of these courts, Oliver Fry, who, arbitrating in a dispute between Joseph Sharp and Alfred Lardner over a water-hole, finally ordered Sharp to remove his boiling works.

In 1848 the town was named Grafton after the Duke of Grafton, father of the then Governor, Fitzroy. The first Mayor was Mr. J. E. Chapman, who took office in the same year as the appearance of the first newspaper—1859.

Impetus was given to business by the completion of a road to Glen Innes in 1876, but the extension of the northern railway line through the New England District to Armidale caused a slump in Grafton which, until then, had been the natural port and outlet for New England. There followed a dark period, alleviated by one happy event when on 20th March, 1885, the former "settlement" was constituted the "City of Grafton."

Disaster then followed disaster—flood, drought, financial crisis, after which the town slowly struggled uphill again towards the dignity and prosperity which Grafton now enjoys.

About 24 miles from the town is one of the most remarkable achievements of provincial Australia, the Nymboida Hydro

Electric Scheme, conducted by the Clarence River County Council.

Further progress is instanced by the establishment of the State abattoirs, where country killing on a large scale is conducted.

The original source of the town's revenue, wool, cedar and tallow, are now of small account. Butter, maize and potatoes are now produced, and the latest and most successful venture is sugar-cane growing. Other thriving industries include the Clarence River Fisheries, which in one year produced fish worth £63,000; the winning of gold, copper, quicksilver, asbestos, molybdenite and coal, and the exportation of millions of feet of timber annually. The citizens of Grafton may well be proud of the city as it stands to-day, with its fine rail, road and pedestrian bridge, its broad streets and, perhaps loveliest of all, its

famous Jacaranda trees. The first trees were planted in 1878, and the Council of that day has been richly rewarded for its foresight. Not only is the city one of the best equipped and most prosperous in the State, but seen through its mist of blue flowers with its carpet of fallen petals, it is surely one of the most beautiful.



RURAL BANK

Grafton Branch

FOR QUALITY MEAT



HENRY WOOLFE



Two Famous Meat Stores

650 GEORGE STREET

===== Brickfield Hill =====

130 PITT STREET

===== Nearly Opposite General Post Office =====

MINISTERIAL BUENOS CIGARS

- A remarkably fragrant Cigar at a moderate price.
- These Cigars are manufactured from genuine Havana leaf, carefully blended with selected Sumatra leaf.
- An exclusive Cigar well worth the attention of Members.

CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Established 1830

SERVICE WITH
ECONOMY.

DAY AND NIGHT
SERVICE.

OXFORD STREET
TAYLOR SQUARE
DARLINGHURST.

'Phones FL 4136-7-8

C. H. W. KINSELA, Governing Director.

J. T. HACKETT

ALEX. WILLIAMS

Members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; Victorian Club, Melbourne; and Tattersall's Club, Perth, W.A. Our reputation stands alone for Largest Amounts, Liberal Prices, and Prompt Settlements.

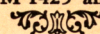
Clients are particularly requested on Race Days to make all telegrams "Urgent."

Operating on all Government Licensed Racecourses.

Address Communications:

J. Hackett, Sydney. Cable Address: "HACKWILL," Sydney.

'Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.



W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

Your Palate Appreciates . . .

MILK
CREAM
BUTTER
BREAD
FISH
POULTRY
ICE

the rich, full flavor of
this nourishing ice cream

A product of the **N.S.W.**
Fresh Food & Ice Co. Ltd.



Penguin *The Perfect* ICE CREAM

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13th, 1941

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1, acceptance £2.

ONE MILE.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1, acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.)

Of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1941

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 8th September, 1941.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 11th September, 1941, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the outer course being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distances advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.